

# The TATTLER



JAN. 15, 1958

& BYSTANDER



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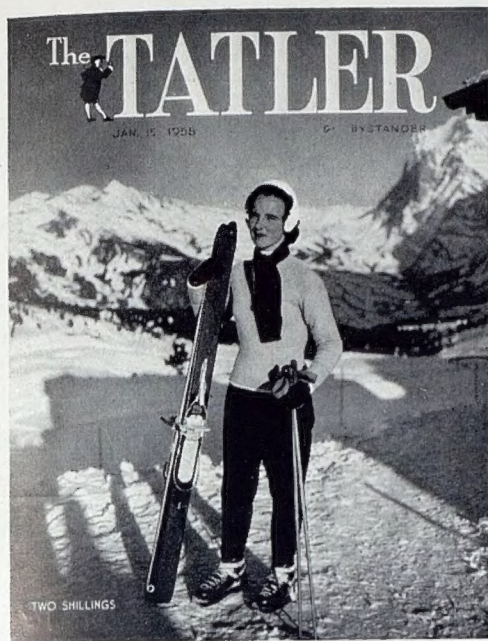
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MISS JANE GIEVE is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney W. Gieve, of Lostford House, Womersley, near Guildford. Her favourite occupation is fishing, and she spends much of her time on her father's water on the River Test. Miss Gieve also enjoys ski-ing and our cover shows her on a recent winter sports holiday. She hunts with the Chiddingfold Farmers and is a keen amateur beekeeper.

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 15 to January 22

**Jan. 15 (Wed.)** Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert : Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

**Jan. 16 (Thu.)** St. Moritz : Commonwealth Winter Games : Figure Skating (ladies, men, pairs and ice-dance).  
Steeplechasing at Wincanton.

**Jan. 17 (Fri.)** St. Moritz : Commonwealth Winter Games : Figure Skating (second day).  
Steeplechasing at Sandown Park.

**Jan. 18 (Sat.)** Rugby Football : England v. Wales at Twickenham.

St. Moritz : Commonwealth Winter Games : Curling, K.O. competition.

Handel's *Messiah* : London Choral Society at the Royal Festival Hall at 6 p.m.

The Fernie Hunt Ball will take place at Dingley Hall, Market Harborough.

Steeplechasing at Sandown Park and Worcester.

**Jan. 19 (Sun.)** Concert : London Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.  
Tea Dance at the Hurlingham Club.

**Jan. 20 (Mon.)** Ninth Furniture Exhibition (to February 1 ; open to public from 22), at Earls Court.

St. Moritz : Last day of Commonwealth Winter Games (Curling competition).

First night : *The Merry Widow* at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

Scottish Dancing at the Hurlingham Club.  
Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

**Jan. 21 (Tue.)** International Model Ball at the Dorchester.

Steeplechasing at Wolverhampton.

**Jan. 22 (Wed.)** International Hotel and Catering Exhibition (to 31) at Olympia.

Concert : B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

## CHOICE OF THE LONDON SHOWS

### "KING CHARMING" (Player's)

Planché's extravaganza of 1850 produced with a true flair for Victoriana

### "PANTOMIMATEATER" (Prince's)

Fascinating import from Copenhagen, with a strong flavour of the Commedia dell'Arte

### "NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR" (Arts) (Matinees only)

A Hans Andersen favourite whose stage rendering will delight the children

### "PETER PAN" (Scala)

Margaret Lockwood in the play the years burnish, but do not wear out

### "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Old Vic)

Contrast (among other virtues) yields a perfect midwinter entertainment

### "THE TEMPEST" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane)

Sir John Gielgud uses the voice that recently shook the Paris critics, to give a superb interpretation of Prospero

### "ROBINSON CRUSOE" (Palladium)

A mighty bolt loosed to defend traditional panto, with Arthur Askey as the Dame

### "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Prince's) (Matinees only)

The full whirl of the Enid Blyton world, guaranteed to hypnotize the young

### "THESE FOOLISH KINGS" (Victoria Palace)

The Crazy Gang's offering, which seems likely to run for ever

### "WINTER WONDERLAND" (Empire Pool, Wembley)

Overseas skating stars in an ice fantasy glittering with new ideas

### "FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" (Apollo)

Second year of a revue still kept up to the minute in its topical allusions

### "SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)

The discernment of the younger set has made this revue a most remarkable stayer.

### "AT THE DROP OF A HAT" (Fortune)

Unique two-man entertainment by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. A wider public soon followed the first delighted initiates

### "GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric)

The musical that put the mink bikini firmly on the satirical map

### "PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE" (Criterion)

A light conjugal comedy, with plenty of incident and many laughs

### "FREE AS AIR" (Savoy)

Delightful fine-spun revue, whose points, nonetheless, do rather more than tickle

### "THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's)

The grown-ups' "Peter Pan" and likely (it seems) to be as durable

### BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS (Olympia)

For myriads this is the spectacular, exciting climax of the holiday

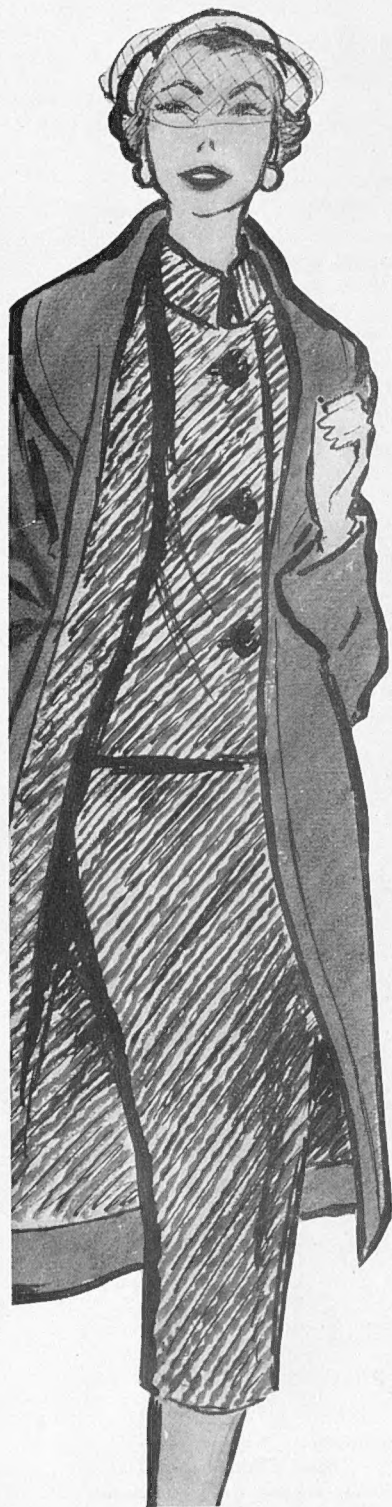
### TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS (Harringay)

Here circus-sophisticates may be seen in battalions, training-on their young

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POSTAGE: Inland 4d. Canada 14d. Foreign 44d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.  
Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s., (without Christmas number) £3 1s. Three months (no extras) £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 4.00, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.





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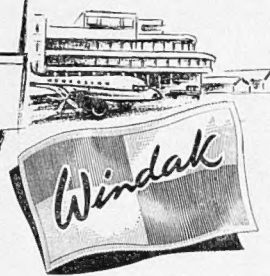
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## Statue or Hospital?

Both commemorate, only one serves. This year calls for special thought of Miss Nightingale and her Hospital, which is neither controlled nor supported by the State. Here as Lady Superintendent, she proved herself and her genius. Send in gratitude, a Gift to the Appeal Secretary, Florence Nightingale Hospital, 19 Lisson Grove, London, N.W.1.



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## WINTER AND SUMMER RESORT

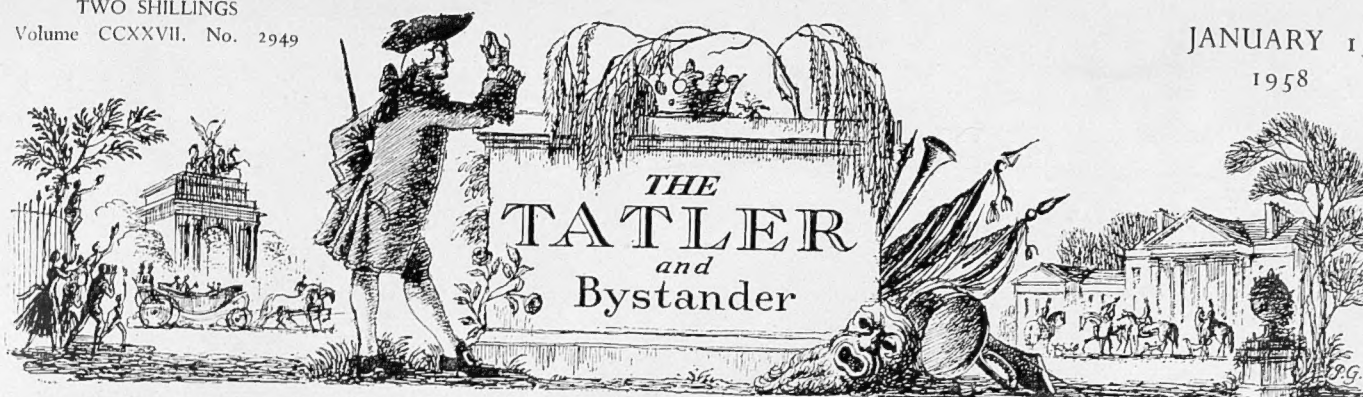
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F. J. Goodman

## Paris portrait of a Spanish bride

COMTESSE HENRI DU CHASTEL DE LA HOWARDERIE is the beautiful daughter of the Marquis del Merito, of Cordoba, Spain, and a niece of the Duke of Algeciras; she is seen in the home of her aunt, Mme. de Ortiz Linares, in the Avenue Foch. Formerly Mlle. Victoria Elena Lopez de Carrizosa y

Patino, her marriage to Comte Henri du Chastel de la Howarderie, who comes from Belgium, took place in Paris last month. Wearing a magnificent satin wedding dress by Dior, her lace mantilla crowned with a jewelled diadem, she was attended by children wearing period dress of the Spanish Court



## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

MRS. MURRAY-PHILIPSON is seen with her two-year-old daughter Cornelia at their home in Cottesmore Gardens, W.8. Her husband, Mr. Robin Hylton Murray-Philipson, is the son of the late Mr. Hylton Murray-Philipson, M.P. Before her marriage she was Miss Nini Tilney, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Robert Tilney



Barry Stude

### Social Journal

Jennifer

# WINTER GAIETY IN MONTE CARLO

WHAT a great change air travel has made in all our lives; to fly over to Paris for a business appointment and lunch is a frequent occurrence for many. Up to Scotland for the day for meetings, or for the night for a dance; over to Le Touquet in the summer for a round of golf, or down to the South of France for the weekend—are all journeys people take in their stride today. Owing to the New Year coming in the middle of a very busy week, I made an even shorter visit to this latter part of the world when I flew down to Monte Carlo in one of B.E.A.'s Viscount 802s for one night, for the "Reveillon du Nouvel An" gala at the International Sporting Club.

As always with galas in Monte Carlo, this one was superbly done, the décor by André Levasseur being exquisite in both the Sporting Club and the Hotel de Paris. The dinner, which was served quickly and piping hot, was well chosen and perfectly cooked, and there was a spectacular cabaret, magnificently dressed and produced, also by André Levasseur, with choreography by Arthur Plasschaert. The entertainment included two fabulous numbers by half a dozen beautiful show-girls who are dancing in Monte Carlo until the end of the season, all wearing sumptuous and exotic costumes, while Carsony and his twin brothers gave the most polished and amusing show of strength and balance. Lastly Channing Pollock, the most sophisticated magician in show business today, gave, with his white doves, one of his smooth and perfect performances. Every woman present received a small flagon of Carven's perfume, and there were the usual carnival hats and favours.

There was such a big demand for tables that the Sporting Club was soon booked up, and it was decided to arrange tables for another 500 guests in the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris. Among those enjoying this very gay evening, a sparkling start to the New Year, with many of the women wearing exquisite jewels and some truly

lovely dresses, were Prince and Princess Alliata de Montereale, who were in Mr. and Mrs. Onassis's big party, which also included among others Lord and Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, the Duc de Cadaval, the Conte de Fels, the Marquis Nunziante, the French Minister of Defence M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, and his wife, and the Prefet des Alpes Maritimes and Mme. Moatti.

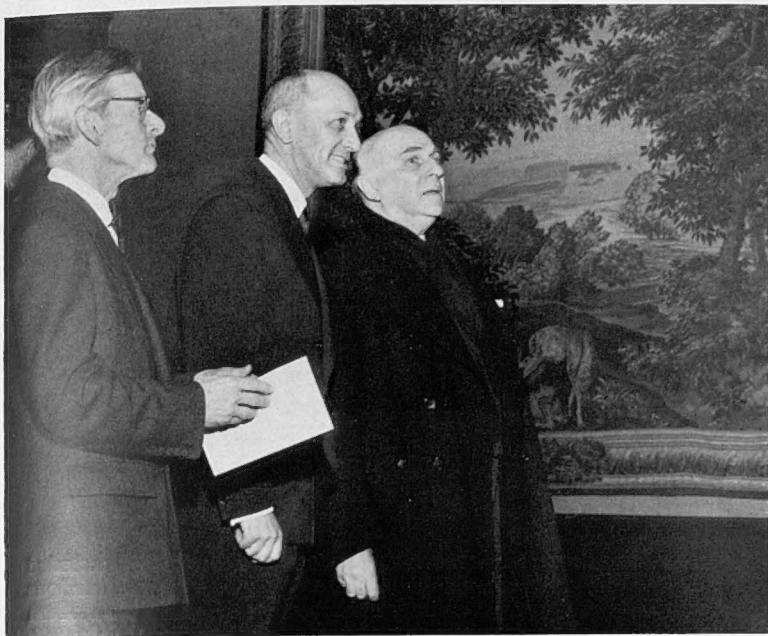
The Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, who were staying at his father's villa at Roquebrune, were in a party of four with the Comte and Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel. Others present were Lord and Lady Dovercourt who were staying at the Hermitage, the Duc and Duchesse d'Arenberg, M. René Mayer, the former Prime Minister of France, who is also extremely well known as a great brain in the industrial and financial worlds, General and Mrs. Polovtsoff who were in a party with M. and Mme. Judovici, and Commandant and Mme. Knorre.

OTHERS included M. Pierre Rey, president of the Société des Bains de Mer with a party of four, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Mavroleon in a big party, Princess Violet de Montenegro, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry looking very attractive in pink (she and her husband had spent Christmas down here, but he had had to leave for business engagements in London before the New Year), Mme. Jean Ritcher looking most attractive in a lovely short evening dress of stiff black satin, and M. Jacques Lefevre. He is one of the people who have worked hard to regain for Monte Carlo its glamour of prewar days.

At the end of the gala, some of the guests remained to dance, while others went into the big rooms of the Sporting Club to try their luck at roulette, chemin de fer, trente et quarante or baccarat.

Before going to sleep, I saw a fairy-tale picture when I opened my bedroom window to look over the harbour, the Christina, owned by Mr. Onassis, the Radiant, owned by Mr. Mavroleon, and other yachts being lit overall with their tiny lights reflecting in the clear, calm sea.





Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy, M. Jacques Dupont and M. Rene Chauvel, the French Ambassador

The next of these very glamorous galas will be the Bal de la Rose in the Sporting Club on February 7. I attended this last year and will never forget the beauty of the evening and the fragrance of over 17,000 fresh roses arranged around the walls, in banks on the stage, at the entrance, and on all the candlelit dinner tables. It is a spectacle that anyone who happens to be in that part of the world next month should try to see. The Bal du Printemps on February 28 is, I hear, also a delightful occasion but I personally have never been there at the time of this gala.

Before the gala I had spent over an hour in a large rehearsal room underneath the Casino watching the final rehearsals by the French Theatre Ballet Company of the new work in three acts by the young French writer Françoise Sagan. It is called *Le Rendez-vous Manqué*, and on its opening in the Casino Theatre two nights later, caused quite a sensation in the world of ballet. I watched John Taras, who has done the choreography with the help of Don Lurio, put the company through nearly two acts, and I found what I saw of this new ballet clever and exciting. No doubt we shall see it produced in London in due course. Vladimir Skouratoff is dancing the leading rôle brilliantly and the ballerinas supporting him include Toni Lander and Noelle Adam.

It was a most exciting visit, as there was so much to see in a short time. Firstly the new airport at Nice, which was opened only last month and is now one of the finest in the world. It has been very carefully and cleverly designed, and at the same time good taste has been used in the décor. There are pillars of blue mosaic, blue ceilings and blue floors. A very fine restaurant on the first floor overlooks the runways, and here M. Pierre Hammeral, who was for many years at the Negresco Hotel in Nice, is in charge, so the cuisine is much above the usual airport catering level.

The main restaurant holds 300 people, a separate one adjoining also holds 300 (for transit passengers only) and yet another much smaller restaurant for the air crews is conveniently arranged at the administrative end of the building, so that pilots and crews can come in direct from making their reports and enjoy a specially quick service. M. Naniche, the brilliant and efficient B.E.A. manager at Nice, was already well established with his staff in their offices which are near those of many of the other international airlines.

The second excitement was to see the Salle Privée of the Casino at Monte Carlo—at last this has been cleaned and painted! The old gloomy look which has pervaded the room since the war has gone. All is now bright and glistening. The murals on the panels of the wall have come to life again, other parts have been painted, the mahogany panels now have a high polish, all the gold work on both walls and the ceiling has been re-gilded with gold leaf, and the large crystal chandeliers, which now look really beautiful, have all been cleaned and repaired.

I was most amused to hear that when the ceiling was cleaned, the workmen had to remove a layer a quarter of an inch thick of solid nicotine! The Salle now provides the glamorous setting that one read about in stories of Monte Carlo in Edwardian days. What was also exciting, although I never gamble, was to hear that so many visitors were winning in this gayer setting, and I was told that one player had actually "broken the bank" a few nights before I arrived.

A lot of building is going on in Monte Carlo, flats and offices are springing up, and a whole new floor is under construction on the Ronde of the Hotel de Paris. This, when it is opened—possibly at the end of



## R.A. PRIVATE VIEW

THE ROYAL ACADEMY Winter Exhibition is devoted to the art of Louis XIV's reign, and Burlington House reflects the period glow. Above, Mrs. M. C. Morgan Giles and her daughter Penelope at the private view

Mr. Maurice Codner and Lady Wheeler



Sir Edward Crowe and Lady Norton



The Marquess and Marchioness of Reading, Mr. H. Brooke



Earl Spencer discussing the pictures with Lord Methuen





*Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Desmond C. Forde,  
the owners of Seaforde*



*Lord Dunleath, Mrs. Montgomery,  
and Mr. Hugh Montgomery*



*Lady Perdita Blackwood and Major  
Frank Byers at the Ball*

this year—will include eighty new bedrooms, all with their own terraces overlooking the sea, and six new flats. Also under consideration is the possibility of a small grill-room high up, with a wonderful view over Monte Carlo and the Mediterranean.

It was delightful to enjoy, if only for twenty-four hours, blue skies and brilliant sunshine on this lovely coast where bougainvilleas and other colourful plants were already in flower. Red and white cyclamen made a brilliant splash of colour in the window boxes of the Hotel de Paris, and in the flower beds of the gardens opposite. As one motored along from Nice Airport around one thirty local time, there were hundreds of people lunching out of doors at the restaurants and little cafés, many of them sitting with no jacket on, so warm was the sun; rather a contrast to the cold and grey London I had left less than three hours previously! As I woke next morning in one of the new bedrooms of the Hermitage Hotel looking over the sea, the sun was again shining brilliantly in a clear blue sky and the Mediterranean already looked as blue as it does in picture postcards.

THE Côte d'Azur has enjoyed a bumper season over Christmas and the New Year and is going to be pretty full right through until the winter season ends in March. Fellow passengers coming down for a holiday in the sun included Lord Norrie, formerly Governor-General of New Zealand, with Lady Norrie, and their children, all carrying tennis rackets in anticipation of taking plenty of exercise. Mr. John Blackwell and two friends, who were on their way to the Carlton at Cannes, had brought their golf clubs with them to play at Mougins or Mandelieu. The Monte Carlo Golf Club up at Monte-Agel, is playing very well I hear this season. Jean Batiste Ado, match play champion of France in 1956, is the professional there, and from friends who have been having lessons from him I hear he has also the great gift of being able to teach well. At the golf school in the Sporting Club, Robert Halsall is presiding.

Among other visitors enjoying the sunshine of Monte Carlo were Lord and Lady Worsley staying on their honeymoon at the Hermitage, where other guests included the Comte and Comtesse Bruno de Boisgelin, Baron and Baroness A. Hely d'Oissel, M. and Mme. Le Coq de Kerland, the Marquess of Winchester and Sir Isaiah and Lady Berlin. I met Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson who are devotees of the Metropole Hotel, where other guests included Dame Florence Horsburgh, M.P., having a well-earned break from her Parliamentary duties, Lady Garthwaite, Prince and Princess Moncada di Paterno, the Chilean Minister and Mme. Figueroa, and Lady Crane.

A touch of sadness was given to my visit on hearing of the sudden death a few days before of Mr. Alfred Scheck, who for a great number of years has been director and manager of the Metropole Hotel. His quiet efficiency, understanding and kindness will surely be remembered for many years by visitors from all over the world. I called in to pay my respects to his nephew, Mr. Albert Scheck, who has been working with his uncle for some time; he is a very able hotelier and took charge about four years ago when his uncle was away ill.

★ ★ ★

CHelsea Town Hall, gaily decorated with bunches of evergreens tied with red and green ribbons, made a splendid setting for the Good Counsel Ball for teenagers. This was the second of these balls to be organized in aid of the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel, which gives free legal aid to all in need, irrespective of creed. Mrs. Arthur Pollen was chairman of a large committee including, among others, Mrs. Michael Callender as vice-chairman, Lady Howard de Walden, Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Eyre, Lady Dormer, Mrs. G. S. Ingleton Webber, Lady Pakenham, the Hon. Mrs. G. J. Jamieson, Mrs. Terence Sanders, Mrs. George Pinney, Miss Dolores Carrol, Lady Phipps and Mrs. Rudolf Weisweiler. Mrs. J. B. Wickham was the honorary secretary.

Dancing to an excellent band was from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., and included a number of Paul Joneses (which got the party going with a tremendous swing), reels, spot dances, a conga, waltzes, sambas and the modern rock 'n' roll, which I noticed some of the youngsters dancing really well. Perhaps the presence (as a guest) of the doyen of dancing instructresses, that great personality Miss Vacani, may have inspired them to show their best efforts. The Mayor and Mayoress of Chelsea, Councillor and Mrs. Basil Marsden-Smedley, were present and brought their attractive niece Miss Elizabeth Pinney, who will be a 1959 débutante.

Lord and Lady Howard de Walden gave a delightful fork dinner party first at the Dorchester, and came on to the dance with a party of more than thirty, including their very gay and attractive third daughter, the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis, who wore a very pretty floral dress, Lady Sarah Howard, another very attractive girl, who like Jessica will make her début in 1959, and Mr. and Mrs. Terence Sanders and their three sons, William and Speed, who were off to Arosa in a party to ski the following day, and Ninian, who is a keen pigeon fancier. Later in the evening he was dancing a lively rock 'n' roll with Mrs. Marsden-Smedley.

Others in this big party included Mrs. Adrian Scrope and her daughter Teresa who is going to Paris to work for a diploma in cooking, and Alexandra who is training hard for the ballet, Miss Daphne Wickham, a charming girl who makes her début this year and has already been working in Rome, Miss Julia Lindsay and her brother Stephen, Mr. Michael Russell, Miss Jean Pollen and Miss Caroline Fairhurst, who are at the same school and later going on to Paris where Caroline is going to study art, which she hopes to make her career, and the twin brothers Mr. David and Mr. Guy Acloque. The latter partnering the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis won a prize for their dancing.

LORD and Lady Dormer brought a party including two of their daughters, and Lord and Lady Pakenham brought several members of their large family in a big party. Lady Bray and her daughter the Hon. Penelope Verney-Cave were also there, the latter telling friends what a good hunt she had enjoyed the previous day. Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter, who joined up with friends to make a party of forty, had two of her daughters with her, fifteen-year-old Anne and seven-year-old Sarah, who had dined first with her aunt Mrs. Derek Velsey, who brought a party of other very young friends, including Alexander Dyboski, Richard Compton-Miller and Peter Slesinger. Sixteen-year-old Deborah Walker-Smith and her brother Joe were both dancing a lot, as were Georgina and Andrew Page who came with their mother Mrs. Tom Page.

It was only the second year of this venture, but I am sure that, as the ball was such a very well-run and really enjoyable affair, next year when its date is announced tickets will soon be sold out. While on the subject of dances for a good cause, I was interested to hear from that very able and efficient personality Mrs. Ian Mactaggart, that the recent Life-Boat Ball in London for which she was chairman this year, made well over £4,000, which is far more than in previous years. It is very gratifying to hear of a really splendid sum like this being raised for the magnificent R.N.L.I. My congratulations to Mrs. Mactaggart and her committee.

★ ★ ★

THE following day I went up to Staffordshire for the exceptionally well-run and very enjoyable North Staffordshire Hunt Ball. This was attended by nearly five hundred guests and held at Doddington Hall, the ancestral home of Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, now rented by Goudhurst College for Girls, whose principal, Mrs. Kendon, kindly lent it once again for the occasion. She was among those present at the ball. This is a truly magnificent mansion designed by Samuel Wyatt and completed in 1798, and has finely proportioned rooms with lovely mouldings and fireplaces. The cream and gold circular room with its carved marble fireplace, Wedgwood blue oval plaques in the



panels and very fine ceiling from which hangs a beautiful crystal chandelier is, I am told, one of the most perfect examples of a circular room in this country. Here, as in the impressively pillared hall and all the other rooms, huge log fires burnt brightly throughout the evening, and everywhere one went bowls of fragrant spring flowers were arranged.

There was an excellent band and a really delicious and carefully chosen supper. I was interested to see that hock was served as well as champagne, and noticed that a great number of guests preferred the still wine.

Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton, the latter looking very attractive in a short shell-pink evening dress, brought a party. They now live in a much smaller, cleverly decorated and converted house on the estate, where Sir Evelyn farms a big acreage. Lord and Lady Stafford came over from their really lovely home, Swynnerton Park at Stone, to which they have made a number of alterations and improvements in the last few years, and where Lord Stafford also farms scientifically and successfully. Lady Stafford looked extremely pretty in an enchanting long dress of lavender blue faille with touches of pink, and so youthful to be the mother of their four delightful children, although they are all under five years old. She was the youngest peeress at the Coronation. Lady Stafford's parents, Col. and Mrs. Alastair Campbell, who were staying at Swynnerton on their way back to their home in Aberdeenshire, after visiting their son Robert and his wife in Cornwall, were also at the hunt ball. I also met Brigadier and Mrs. Selby-Lowndes—he has just resigned the mastership of the North Staffordshire, and has been succeeded by Miss Judy Ramsden who is also a very keen point-to-point rider. She was at the ball and came in a party with Major James Friend, who is the Conservative candidate for one of the Bournemouth constituencies, and Mrs. Friend who looked attractive in a caramel-coloured satin dress. Their other guests included Major Stanley Cayzer, joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds, who told me he was getting back to that county next morning in time for a meet of his pack at Brailles, Mr. and Mrs. John Readman, Mr. Derek Bibby and Miss Fenella Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wenger brought a big party from Aston Hall including their attractive daughter Celia, who wore a lovely white lace dress; she will be a débutante this season and was returning to Mme. Anita's in Paris until early March. Their son Mr. Edward Wenger was in the party, also Lady Rose Chetwynd-Talbot who was in leaf green with sprays of lilies of the valley on the skirt, and Mr. Eric Hathorne who was in the Grenadier Guards and is now working with I.C.I. in this part of the country.

Others enjoying this very good dance were Sir John and Lady Chichester, the latter in blue with a lovely diamond necklace, Col. and Mrs. Anthony Dene—he is acting Field-Master and was at one time joint-master of this hunt with Mr. Jimmy Cadman, whom I also saw dancing—Mr. and Mrs. George Nelson, Miss Virginia Todd and her fiancé, Mr. Anthony Gell, Mrs. John Winter and her husband who is a keen sailing enthusiast and shares a boat with Mr. Peter Scott, and lastly Mr. John Goddard the hard-working and efficient honorary secretary of this well-run hunt ball, which was still going with a tremendous swing when I left after 3 a.m.

When on the subject of hunt balls, I would like to remind readers that they should apply at once for tickets for the Horse and Hound Ball which takes place at Grosvenor House on March 20. This year it comes on the evening of the second presentation party at Buckingham Palace, so for parents wanting to give their girls a celebration to round off the great day, this is a splendid opportunity for a wonderfully gay evening. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary, "Horse and Hound" Dinner Ball, 96 Long Acre, W.C.2.

Twenty-four hours after leaving Staffordshire I was in the air on my way to Switzerland to see some of the winter sports events, about which I will be writing next week.



*Lady Wakehurst, Mrs. Ogilvy Graham and Lord Wakehurst, the Governor of Northern Ireland*

## THE DOWN HUNT CLUB

THE BI-CENTENARY of the Down Hunt Club, the oldest hunt club in the world, was celebrated with a ball at Seaforde, Co. Down, the home of Lt.-Col. Desmond C. Forde, followed by a hunt breakfast and meet



*Major Y. A. Burgess with the Hon. Mrs. Angus Campbell*



*Mrs. R. W. English with the Earl of Clanwilliam*



*Capt. Ash Humfrey and Mrs. Eveleigh Panter*



*Capt. and Mrs. Peter Lewis, who hunt with Co. Down Stag hounds*



*Mr. Arthur Nugent with Miss Sonia Pilkington from Co. Meath*

C. C. Fennell





*Miss Patricia Donald-Smith danced with Mr. Peter Morel*



*Miss A. Boyd-Carpenter, Miss D. Walker-Smith, Mr. M. Malone-Lee*



*Miss Susan Lancaster and Mr. Robin Bramley were also guests*

## A BALL IN CHELSEA

CHELSEA was the scene of a most gay and enjoyable event, when more than four hundred young guests went to the Good Counsel Ball which was held at the Town Hall



*Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard, Mr. Michael Russell, the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis and Mr. Guy Acloque*



*Miss Katherine de la Mare and Mr. Charles Morland at the tombola*



*Mr. John Morgan and Miss Elizabeth Ann Duncan, two of the fortunate prizewinners*





*Miss Josephine Cairns and  
Surgeon-Lt. David Read*



*Mr. and Mrs. G. Stuart-Lee on  
the dance floor*



## DANCING-IN THE NEW YEAR

LADY NORTON (above, right), wife of the Hurlingham Club chairman, catching a balloon at midnight at the New Year Eve ball, attended by 1,000 members and guests



*Sir Charles Norton, chairman of Hurlingham Club, talking to Mrs. T. E. Miles*



*Miss Jennifer Kerr-Cross dancing  
with Mr. Eoin Ashton-Johnson*



*Mr. Charles Scott was sitting  
with Miss Patricia Bird*



*The incomparable Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the opera and concert soprano, in "Madam Butterfly" during her engagement at the Royal Opera House*



*The Otello of Ramon Vinay and the Iago of Otakar Kraus seen (above) during a taut moment of the plot, at the Royal Opera House*

*Maria Callas (left) in the role of "Norma," which she sang for three nights as a guest star in the Covent Garden production last season*



## A NEW TRADITION GROWS AT COVENT GARDEN

*PETER HEYWORTH, most gifted of the younger music critics, discusses the steady advance of the Royal Opera House towards becoming a home for national—yet not insular—opera*

As a people we have many virtues. We are steady, moderate, unbigoted, reasonably honest, passably clean behind the ears, and profoundly sensible. In a word we are unoperatic. Not that we do not love opera. On the contrary, there is hardly an electrician's mate without his collection of L.P.s, hardly a typist unprepared to discourse on the relative merits of Leoncavallo's and Puccini's *Bohème*, there are Guardsmen who are enraptured by *Lohengrin* and I have even heard of a dustman who is intolerably didactic on the subject of Toscanini's tempi. Oh no! opera is very much with us.

But we are not, alas, the stuff it is made of. If you wander down any alley in the slums of Naples you will find the raw ingredients of opera all about you. There are the sweeping eloquent gestures, the fiery rhetoric, the dramatic attitudes, the sudden gusts of fierce emotion.

The trickster who approaches with a five-dollar gold watch is none other than old Dulcimara on a new tack; there in the shadows lurks Sparafucile waiting for an assignment; down the street struts a fat, self-important little lawyer—why it is our old friend Don Bartolo; the pretty, pert little coquette who comes flouncing by on absurdly high heels is Norina, and the young man over there with brown, languorous eyes and a sulky look is poor Nemorino nursing his injuries. If the streets of London are paved with gold, those of Naples are full of walking and gesticulating arias, quartets and grand finales.

It is perhaps because the English temperament is so essentially unoperatic that our efforts to found a national opera have run into so many obstacles. For the Englishman opera has always been an exotic fruit. Purcell, the greatest musical genius that this country has bred, might have laid the foundations almost three hundred years ago had he not died in his thirties. But since his death England has been an operatic colony, first of Italy and then of Germany. Only recently have we won inde-

pendence. Indeed there are people who deplore the attempt since the war to make Covent Garden the home of a national opera company, singing a wide repertory in English, and who yearn for the good old days of the Grand Season. I must say that there are evenings when I leave Covent Garden in such deep depression that I sympathize with these nostalgic hankerings.

But nostalgic hankerings they remain, for the fact of the matter is that today the old Grand Season is hardly a practicable possibility.

Like most exotic fruits, opera is fearfully expensive. By the time that it has paid for an orchestra, chorus and settings more elaborate than are usual in the theatre, an opera house has run up the sort of bills that no theatre can meet without a subsidy and charging huge prices for seats.

Today opera is if anything even more expensive than before the war, for great singers now flit from opera house to opera house almost overnight.

Before the war a handful of rich people managed to keep Covent Garden open for a brief Grand Season. But they were helped in this by the fact that there were still plenty of opera-goers who would pay thirty shillings for a stall. Today that is the equivalent of £5, and there are very few people left who will pay this price to hear an opera. And the rich like Lady Cunard, who did so much to subsidize Covent Garden before the war, no longer exist. The Grand Season is possible only in a city of immense wealth, such as London no longer possesses. But even in New York, the Metropolitan is in a state of fairly continuous financial crisis.

The efforts that Covent Garden has made since the war to lay the foundations of a national opera is an attempt to meet an entirely new set of circumstances. Without an Arts Council grant it would simply not be possible to open the doors of Covent Garden. But it is not difficult to see that, grossly in-



*The famous Wagnerian singer Hans Hotter, as Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger"*





Blanche Thebom (above), who comes from San Francisco, as she appeared in the recent production of "The Trojans" by Berlioz at Covent Garden, and (right) a crowd scene from Act III of the opera



adequate though this grant in fact is, no government, whether of the left or the right, could allow this public money to be blown in a two-months-long Grand Season.

And in justice to Covent Garden it must be said that the past decade is not without its achievements. It is surely a fine thing that this wonderful theatre, which is one of Europe's most enchanting opera houses, should for the first time in its hundred years of existence be put to the purposes it was intended for, and there is another field in which Covent Garden has already proved fruitful. Since the war it has mounted a creditable number of British operas. Some of these have admittedly been far from masterpieces, but the stimulus to home-grown opera should not be underrated.

Still, the central problem of the standard of the day-to-day performances remains largely unsolved. At its core lies the fact that Covent Garden has to fulfil a dual purpose. It has to build up a native company, yet it has to provide performances that will satisfy a highly critical metropolitan audience.

In Germany and Italy the training of young singers is properly attended to at conservatories, and at nurseries attached to the opera houses. Finally, and essentially, they learn their art on the stages of provincial opera houses. In England training for opera is inadequate, and there are no settled provincial companies, so that only too often a promising young singer is obliged to leap from a college of music to the huge stage of Covent Garden. No wonder that the result is too often that neither aim is fulfilled: the promising young singer fizzles out and the performances are indifferent.

But in addition to its rather bumbling attempts to build up a native company, Covent Garden also meets the demand for performances of the calibre of the old Grand Season by an occasional memorable evening such as the appearance of Callas in *Norma* or performances of *The Ring* with a number of foreign guests, which have been among the most satisfying things it has done. In early May a new production is planned of Verdi's *Don Carlo*. This will be conducted by Giulini, produced by the formidable Luchino Visconti, and Gobbi, Barbieri and Christoff will be in the cast. In May the theatre will be a hundred years old and a gala evening is planned with excerpts from operas with which the Garden has some particularly close association.

But evenings such as these can only be few and far between. For the rest of the year we are dependent largely on home produce. No doubt one day we shall have a flourishing native opera. But if one threw the inhabitants of a Neapolitan alley on to an opera stage, I feel that they would somehow find their feet. It will, I fear, be some while before that can be said about the contents of a rush-hour Tube train.



The quays at Cyprus designed by Wakhevitch for the Garden's first act of Verdi's "Otello"



The love scene from Sir William Walton's "Troilus and Cressida" with Richard Lewis and Magda Laszlo





NIGEL PATRICK as he appears in *The Egg* at the Saville Theatre. The play, which receives its hundredth performance in the West End in five days' time, is by Felicien Marceau and was first seen in Paris, where it has had an extremely long and successful run. In Britain it has been translated and directed by Charles Frank

## Roundabout

Cyril Bay

# LIGHT FROM ITALY ON AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM

“QUEEN ANNE’S fan” is a most splendidly dignified term for an impudently undignified gesture: I wonder how the good dead queen, or the good dead queen’s ornamental paraphernalia, came to be associated with so signal a mark of disrespect as the putting of thumb to nose and spreading-out of fingers.

In the rather arid period, for newspapers, that falls just before Christmas, a correspondence in the *Manchester Guardian* debated the meaning of what seems to be variously known as “cocking a snook” or “pulling long bacon,” as well as the more handsomely regal alternative I have already recorded. The discussion began with a rather plaintively disillusioned letter from a man who wrote that when he was a boy the gesture was apparently so rude “that no one would divulge its meaning,” and that now that he was grown up nobody seemed to know.

THE best explanation was offered by a Croatian lady (who gave the opprobrious pantomime its Italian title, *tirare il naso lungo*, which shows how geographically widespread, as well as historically ancient, it is). According to her, the meaning is twofold: the lengthening of the nose by spreading out the hand—or, indeed, both hands—serves to indicate to the person so addressed that his nose is too long: that he is, in fact, Signor Naso-Lungo, or a busybody. The waggling of the fingers is a

derisory addendum: you’re a nosey-parker, and sucks boo to you!

This is all very well, and I am grateful to have learned something I didn’t know before: knowledge is power. But I am still unenlightened as to where Queen Anne and her fan come into it. To say nothing of long bacon.

WHAT I am also still ignorant of is what gesture is available to you and me—staid, respectable adults—that will serve the same purpose. Small fry use it for much more than the mere reproach to the inquisitive that the lady from Croatia equates it with: it serves to convey contempt, scorn, derision, triumph and much else. Now, although I am a sweet-natured and kindly man who loves his fellows, there is many an occasion upon which words would go unheard or unheeded when I could wish that there was some socially permissible flourish with which to indicate one’s feelings. I am thinking, among others, of the motorist who has been hogging the road and whom one eventually passes, and of the fat woman who stares haughtily from a first-class railway carriage as you trudge the corridor, vainly looking for a seat.

The trouble is, of course, that although the gestures are sufficiently available, the convention of the Island Race forbids their use to those of us who are older than about nine. There are Mediterranean races less inhibited, and the freely flowing





Mr. F. L. Wither, the Master, who  
was followed by a field of seventy



Miss Kathleen Powell was admiring  
Sultan, Miss Pat Powell's mount



Miss Heather Hawker riding Chaint.  
The day's sport was excellent

### At a meet of the Cowdray Hunt, near Charlton, Sussex

gesticulations of southern Italians have their eloquent charm. But remember how shocked we all were when one of the less attractive puppet-diplomatists of between the wars—or was it a journalist? I hope not—imported the *naso-lungo* gesture into the council chamber of the very League of Nations itself! There is a time and place for all things, and Queen Anne's fan is best left, after all, to small boys at preparatory schools, and the correspondence columns of the more dignified daily newspapers.

★ ★ ★

SOMEBODY, somewhere, has been complaining that although the crumpet, happily, is still with us (and now in season) the muffin is far to seek. It hadn't occurred to me until I was reminded, but it is true that I have neither seen a muffin, much less eaten one, nor heard the muffin-man's bell, since I was a lad in Lancashire, and nearer, I think, in time, to World War One than the second.

I was a growing and hungry boy who had spent a winter's afternoon in the open air, at a football match or with the beagles, the best tea in the world, of a Saturday, was two poached eggs, one on each half of a hot toasted muffin, dripping with butter. It was a dish that could keep a lad going till dinner-time, if followed with dark, moist Dundee cake, and washed down with strong, sweet tea.

The course of my musings upon the muffin I took up that fascinating book of old Henry Mayhew's, *London Labour and the London Poor*, which is full of the Cockney street life of a century ago, and its racy talk, and there, sure enough, "the muffin-bell still tinkles along the streets, and is rung vigorously in the suburbs." Thus Mayhew, in 1851, to whom an aged muffin-man confided that, "I only wish good butter was a sight cheaper, and that would make the muffins go. Butter's half the battle."

He was a younger vendor, a sort of muffin-urchin, in the same noble work, who said that his "best customers is genteel houses, 'cause I sells a genteel thing. I likes wet days best, 'cause there's werry respectable ladies what don't keep a servant, and

they buys to save themselves going out. We're a great convenience to the ladies, sir—a great convenience to them as likes a slap-up tea." When you consider how many more werry respectable ladies now than then don't keep a servant, it is odder still that so genteel a trade has dwindled away to nothing.

In contrast to them as likes a slap-up tea is the figure of that friend of Topham Beauclerk's in Boswell's *Johnson* who doted on buttered muffins but dared not eat them because of the agonizing after-effects. Upon resolving to shoot himself, he ate three hot buttered muffins for breakfast, and then pulled the trigger, "knowing that he would not be troubled with indigestion." I should like to think that his last words were, "Butter's half the battle."

★ ★ ★

THERE must be those who have green indoor fingers, so to speak, as well as green outdoor fingers. By which I mean that there are people for whom indoor potted plants will put out their bravest blossoms; ivies of the most exotic kinds will writhe and thrive; cacti bristle and even bloom; and cut flowers flourish.

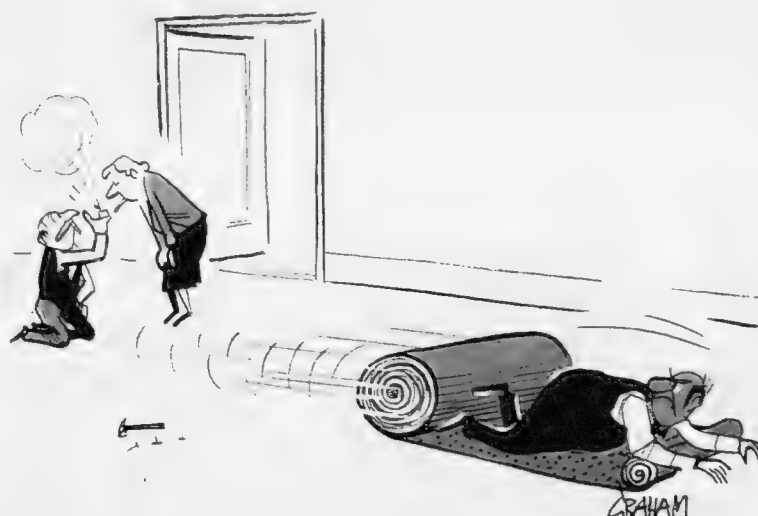
In any house that I live in, though, a plant that has been handsome and healthy in the shop, or in the hands of the donor, will come out in spots, like an awkward-age schoolgirl, before drooping disconsolately over the edges of its bowl.

There ought to be some compensatory talent or benefit—something on the analogy of "lucky at cards, unlucky at love"—for those who are ham-fisted with growing things. They ought to be specially gifted with casseroles, say, or carburettors.

Why we *should* be so ungifted, though, is wrapped in mystery. There used to be a hideously arch quip that one bandied about in my younger days, to the effect that "flowers fade on flirts." Perhaps the sad little heaps of rotting vegetation that mark my pathetic attempts to bedeck the house, while my wife cooks the dinner, are some monstrously belated—and, of course, unfair—judgment on some long-forgotten peccadilloes of my youth.



BRIGGS



by Graham





*Mrs. W. Tellwright, Mr. Peter Tellwright, Miss Sarah Mitchell, Mr. William Tellwright*



*Mrs. John Winter, Mrs. P. Hall, Mr. Patrick Hall and Mr. John Winter*



*Major the Hon. A. Cayzer, Brig. M. Selby-Lowndes, Lady Delves Broughton and Col. J. A. Dene*

*Lt.-Col. C. G. M. Boote, Mrs. M. Livingstone-Learmonth, Mrs. Boote and Mr. W. Harford*



*Miss Daphne Carter with Lt.-Col. W. T. Taillyeur*



*Lady Chichester and Sir Evelyn Delves Broughton, Bt.*

## N. STAFFS HUNT BALL

MANY members and their guests spent an extremely enjoyable evening at the North Staffordshire Hunt Ball, which was held at Doddington Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire. The house is a fine example of Georgian architecture

*Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Robson, of Adleston Manor, Stanley, were taking coffee in an ante-room*







*Mrs. Bell, who is the wife of the huntsman and joint-Master, Capt. B. Bell*

## WITH THE BERKELEY

THE BERKELEY HUNT held a meet at the hunt kennels, Berkeley, Gloucestershire. There was a good sized field and a number of spectators present, although the meet was moved off in poor weather with threatened rain. The Berkeley, one of the oldest packs, hunts 350 sq. miles

*Miss Patricia Cole, another of the younger followers*



*Miss Janet Pullen was one of the earliest arrivals*



*Miss Rosalynd Heaven, Miss Bethan Duckett and Miss Cynthia Toms*



*Mr. Frank Armstrong and Mr. Barclay Watson, the Hunt's veterinary surgeon*



*Miss Catherine Cobham, Mr. Murray Brown, and Col. C. E. Turner, a former Master of the Berkeley*

*Brig. J. G. E. Tiarks and Lt.-Cdr. R. J. Mordaunt, the Hon. Sec. of the Hunt*







F. J. Goodman

COMTESSE D'ARCANGUES, here seen in her Paris home, is married to the only son of the Marquis d'Arcangues of the Chateau d'Arcangues, which is near Biarritz. The Comtesse, daughter of the late M. Carlos de Ouro-Preto, formerly the Brazilian Ambassador to France, is wearing a Guy Laroche dress

## Priscilla in Paris

# THE WEDDING VEILED

WHEN this is read IT, probably, will be an event of the past, as I write IT is still a mystery. "IT" being the marriage of Mlle. Françoise Sagan, best-seller, to M. Guy Schoeler, publisher. Where will it take place, or rather when has it taken place? Our young *monstre sacré* of current French literature and her fiancé have proclaimed their desire for a quiet, untroubled celebration. I sympathize but doubt whether they will be (or have been) left in peace wherever they are (or were). The fact that they must be inured to publicity and the demands of the press helps them, no doubt, to endure the strange curiosity of the masses.

Personally I would not bother to cross the street in order to discover whether the young lady is married in white or in a well-worn woolly but I was interested to hear about the stir made by the approaching nuptials at the little town of Cajarc where she was born. As it happens I am slightly acquainted with that lovely, wooded part of *la belle France*. A long time ago I was able to render a slight service to the late minister Anatole de Monzie, who was then Mayor of Cahors and senator of the Lot *département* in which that town is situated. Monsieur le Sénateur had missed the train at Marseilles that would have got him to his circumscription in time for an important meeting. I had a sturdy and—for those days—rapid car. The road from Marseilles to Cahors is an undulating, snakes-and-ladderish one but we beat the train (it was not an express) and Monsieur le Maire arrived in time to don his tricolor sash and orate!

CAHORS' is not far from Cajarc and I have friends there who are more inquisitive than I am. Their letters are eloquent of the excitement that possessed the little town at their time of writing. The place buzzed with gossip. Everyone had something to say, from the postmaster who was overwhelmed with inquiring telegrams, of which he could not answer the prepaid queries, to the hotel keepers who had not a single room left to let. The greatest thrill of all was the difference of opinions openly expressed by two of the local padres whose churches may (or may not) be (or have been) the scene of the wedding ceremony.

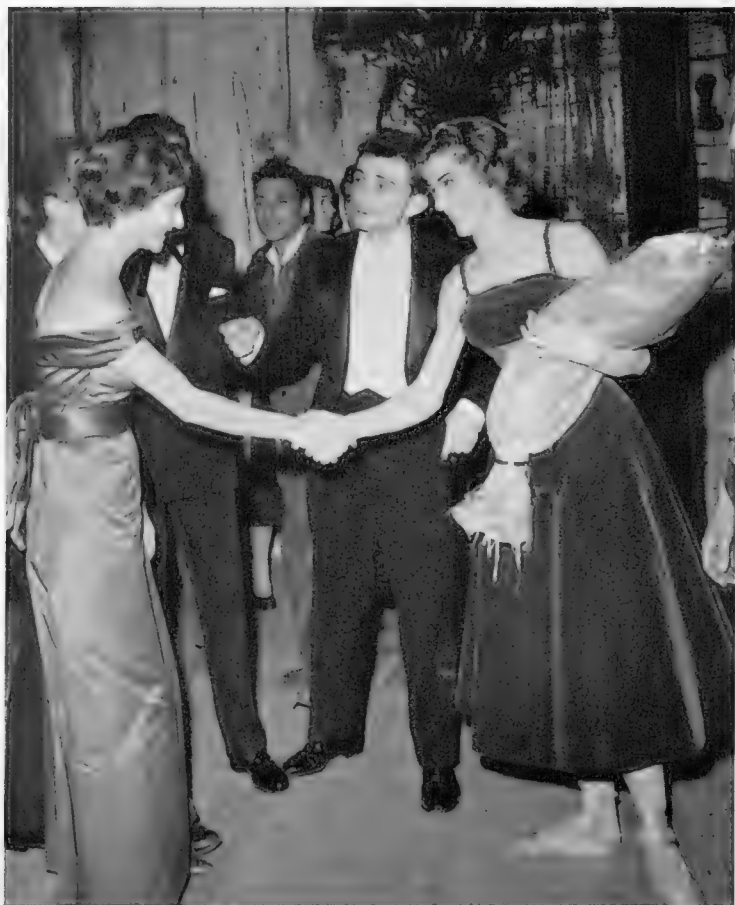
One gentleman of the cloth maintained that the young authoress has a deplorable influence on the youth of today and that, if he is obliged to officiate, the ceremony will be as simple as possible and the choir will not be allowed to attend. His colleague mildly stated that, not having read "little Françoise's" books he cannot criticize them and that, having christened her twenty-two years ago, he would be happy to marry her.

If the event is still to come one rather hopes that the maiden smiles that "certain smile" of hers and plumps for her old friend.

THE new motor bus known as the "blue-and-cream-A" has not become very popular yet, at least not with the clients for whom it is intended. It purposes to transport owner-drivers from the vast car-park on the esplanade of the Invalides to the various "no-parking allowed" or "curtailed parking" points of the town.

It is an excellent idea, but owner-drivers are a stubborn-headed lot. Rather than avail themselves of the amenities presented by the city fathers they prefer to play "here we go round the mulberry bush" there and about what is known as the "blue zone" in a vain search for a parking place where not even an egg-shaped "snotta" dares to insert a fender.

The blue-and-cream-A is quite an elegant bus. One of those self-service affairs that actually stops for passengers . . . when one can catch the chauffeur's eye! There is no conductor, one pays one's fare into a slot with a fifty franc coin. This is awkward if one has no change but there is usually someone aboard who is willing to oblige! Indeed I am told that this is as good a way as any for the pick-up lads and lassies to become acquainted. Given the route the bus follows it is redundant to ask: "Going my way?"



FRANCOISE SAGAN was herself one of the distinguished audience which attended the premiere of her ballet *Le Rendez-vous Manqué*. She is seen (left) congratulating the leading ballerina, Toni Lander, at the Casino Theatre, Monte Carlo





Mr. and Mrs. John Hathorn with their children  
Gina and Jonathan

The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
JANUARY 15  
1958  
97



R. H. Schlosser

## ON THE SLOPES OF ST. MORITZ

MANY visitors have already enjoyed some good sport on the runs around St. Moritz. Above, Mrs. "Coco" Berenson and Count Hans Czernin on the Corviglia slopes



Mr. Patrick Guinness and his  
wife at the Corviglia Club



Signorina Antonella Piaggio and  
Princess Monica de Liechtenstein

The holidays are over, but in France the New Year duty-  
ing lasts throughout January, and though elderly people  
not so exacting as when I was young, the young people with  
lucky families still line up with their ribbon-tied offerings  
grandmama this and great-aunt that, when they would much  
rather be elsewhere! There are, of course, compensations. The  
things so often take the form of *croûtes au chocolat* and *marrons*  
so that elderly people are rather surfeited at this time of  
year and the children carry away more than they have  
right.

On the other hand some young friends of mine vow that every  
one of their elders and betters become younger! When Etienne  
and his offsprings dutifully went to wish their seventy-two  
year old grandpapa, Hubert Fauche, a *bonne et heureuse année*  
they found him raring to be off to the Palais de Glace. He had  
ordered new skates for everybody and he has now undertaken  
the initiation of his teen-aged granddaughter to the graceful  
art of waltzing on ice. It may be added that Hubert Fauche  
was a famous aviator during World War One and every summer,  
even now, he enjoys what he calls a "spot" of gliding.

A SHORT while back I was doubtful of the possibility of success  
for the Renaud-Barrault revival of *Madame Sans-Gêne*. I  
should have remembered Madeleine Renaud's triumph as "the  
Madam" in a film inspired by Guy de Maupassant's famous—  
or infamous—*Maison Tellier*. Perhaps some of us may have  
imagined we heard the echo of Peter Pan's: "Oh, the cleverness  
of me!" and the captious critic may have murmured that never  
has there been such a distinguished washerwoman, but the fact  
remains that the box office of the vast Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt  
is besieged. Jean-Louis Barrault has produced the play in his  
usual grand manner with his star company, gorgeous frocks and  
décors by Wackevitch. It is true that, played by Jean Desailly,  
Napoleon is on a most noble scale—the "little Corsican" would  
hardly have reached the actor's shoulder—but it is a most  
satisfying evening's entertainment whether one is seated in the  
stalls with a box of Boissier's *fruits glacés* or sucking an orange in  
the back row of the gallery.



Miss Lavinia Day together with her parents, Col. and  
Mrs. Julian Day

Major Peter Waddell with his wife and daughters  
Carol Ann and Angela





At the Theatre

# CHARADE WITH THE HAMLET TOUCH

Anthony Cookman

**E**VEN in his early days as a playwright (*Dinner With The Family* now at the New is *Le Rendez-vous De Senlis* of 1938), Jean Anouilh was adept at laying mines which explode without warning. The first act of this comedy is a masterpiece in the art of leading us up the path to where the mine lies waiting to blow up in our faces.

Georges is the pleasantest of heroes. No young man could be more charmingly considerate of the feelings of others, though most of the people he is dealing with are more than a little absurd. He has, we gather, fallen in love with a beautiful and musical girl and having himself had an unhappy childhood has conceived the slightly dangerous but high-minded notion of presenting himself to her against the family background which he wishes were his to recall.

**T**O this end he has rented a château in the neighbourhood of Paris. He has also engaged two actors to impersonate his father and mother and a man from a catering firm to take the part of the old family butler and to throw off with casual precision anecdotes about Georges's fictitious childhood.

Making arrangements for the intended imposture is quite the most entertaining part of the comedy. The hired papa has the best of professional reasons for knowing exactly how the part should be played, and the patient Georges has difficulty in making clear to him the degrees of difference that exist between stage illusion and reality, even of a reality that is only imagined. But



JILL BENNETT (right), the girl whom the unscrupulous Georges desires, in the arms of her two-faced admirer, whose duplicity is concealed by a show of affection



"DINNER WITH THE FAMILY" (New Theatre). Georges (right, John Justin) rehearses his "parents" (Alan MacNaughtan and Lally Bowers) in their parts before meeting the fiancée he wishes to impress. Drawings by Glan Williams

the actor, though tetchy when his vast stage experience seems to be questioned, is a good trouper, and he is amenable enough when he has convinced himself that his producer, though, lamentably, a mere amateur, at least knows what he wants. Mr. Alan MacNaughtan understands the type perfectly and lights his second-rate histrionic panache with delicate irony. He is fully matched in bravura by Miss Lally Bowers as the imaginary mama. She is wreathed in actressy charm, and except when she fancies a slight is being put on her moral dignity she gives Georges very little trouble. He has only to decide that she had better be let go her own way since all suggested alternatives strike her as amusingly silly; there is no denying that her way has a certain awful effectiveness of its own.

All the preparations have been made when Georges is suddenly called back to Paris leaving the actors to wind up a brilliant funny act by first supposing that they have been "stranded" by an unscrupulous employer and then to pass through the Gothic horrors of a haunted house to a comic anti-climax. Well pleased, we spend the interval praising the effortless ingenuity of M. Anouilh and looking forward to the resumption in some form of the family impersonation joke which Georges is playing on his innocent mistress.

Foolish expectation! M. Anouilh can be great fun. He can also take a mournful delight in explaining how corrupt life is.

**T**HE second act explodes the mine towards which he has so wickedly led us. That pleasantest of heroes, Georges, is abruptly revealed as no hero at all. He is a ruthless sponger, living, together with his real parents and a friend whom he is casually betraying, on a moneyed wife. M. Anouilh shows them at their worst, in panic lest the mysterious disappearance of Georges should be the cause of the disillusioned wife flinging them all into the street. His point is the corrupting power of wealth, and he makes it chiefly through a ruthless study of the friend, a man to whom money has become as necessary as air to other men and who will take any means to get it. Mr. Ian Hendry brings this human rat horribly alive.

After this ugly interlude we return to the house at Senlis. Isabelle in the person of Miss Jill Bennett has arrived expecting to meet the family her lover has described to her. She meets instead the disconcerted actors and the real family, and the rest of the play with no loss of cleverness but with some loss of interest concerns the struggle between purity and corruption. The playing gives it the air of being a one-sided battle. Miss Bennett gives all that the author demands. She is innocence incarnate, but she has the truly formidable quality of such innocence. Mr. John Justin, on the other hand, is altogether too uncomplicated. We are never given reason to think that Isabelle may, after all, lose out against the family's corrupting influence. She has it all her own way. Even so, the comedy, deftly produced by Mr. Frank Hauser and delightfully acted by a company from the Oxford Playhouse, is not one to be missed.





*Celia Crowne plays Helena and Rosemary Webster Helena in this favourite of playgoers of all ages*



## FAIRYLAND AT THE OLD VIC

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" was the play chosen for the Christmas season at the Old Vic. This production closes on February 15. Above: Frankie Howerd as Bottom

Below: Derek Godfrey as Oberon and Joyce Vaneman as Titania are seen with the Fairies

Below: Others in the cast are Jack Gwillim as Duke Theseus and Margaret Courtenay as Hippolyta

George König







*Countess Alvarez De Toledo  
and the Marquis de la Moussaye*



*Mr. Alec Learner and his wife,  
Sir Simon Marks's daughter*



*Countess Bunny Esterhazy  
with Mr. Jaimie Ortiz Patino*



*The Marquise de Villalobar  
and Mlle. Ortiz*

*Count and Countess John de Bendern who have leased  
a chalet at Gstaad*



*Mrs. Alan Graves (right) and her daughter, Monica,  
who live in Geneva*





WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS are now converging on the many well-known Alpine skiing resorts. This year their number is as great as ever, although the snow is rather sparse in some places. Below are seen people on holiday at Gstaad, one of the most attractive resorts in the Bernese Oberland



Brodrick Haldane

Miss Patricia Rawlings who was staying at the Palace Hotel in Gstaad



Miss Lorna Lyle, the daughter of the Duchess of Bedford

Comtesse Chevreau d'Antraigues, younger daughter of the late Sir John Latta, Bt.







CHARLES LAUGHTON, whose appearances on the screen in recent years have been all too infrequent, returns with characteristic éclat as that forensic giant Sir Wilfrid Robarts in the film version of *Witness For The Prosecution*, Agatha Christie's enormously successful play. Marlene Dietrich and Tyrone Power are his co-stars

## At the Pictures

# A SHOT IN THE ARM

As far as the cinema is concerned, the new year has opened auspiciously with, to borrow an astrologer's phrase, the Goon in the ascendant. *Davy*, a modest film from Ealing, written by Mr. William Rose and directed by Mr. Michael Relph, gives Mr. Harry Secombe his first starring rôle on the screen—and Mr. Mario Zampi's crazy comedy, *The Naked Truth*, written by Mr. Michael Pertwee, provides Mr. Peter Sellers with a splendid opportunity to display his virtuosity in the matters of dialect and disguise. Nothing could be more felicitous—especially at a moment when the British film industry is crying out for a shot in the arm.

An ardent listener to "steam radio," I was well aware that Mr. Secombe possesses a remarkable voice, suitable for opera or, if the mood takes him, for calling the cattle home from the next county. I can now report that this moon-faced Goon has, in addition, an exceptionally warm and pleasing screen personality and an unexpected and endearing gift of pathos. Mr. Secombe is, in fact, a film find.

The Mad Morgans, a family team of music-hall artists of which Davy (Mr. Secombe) is the king-pin, are elated at the news that Mr. Val Parnell is considering booking their act for the London Palladium. (Knowing that astute gentleman, I don't believe he would—for, between ourselves, it's not a very good act.) Davy has a private elation—destructive to the general one: he has always secretly dreamed of an operatic career—and he has just been offered an audition at Covent Garden.

At the thought that Davy intends to leave them, the rest of the family—with the exception of Mr. Bill Owen—fall to moaning



MARLON BRANDO (right) is served with a hurried meal in *The Young Lions*, based on Irwin Shaw's remarkable first novel. The film traces the lives of a German and two American soldiers through the war, until their tragic appointment with destiny. Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin take the parts of the two U.S. protagonists

and groaning and sulking and snarling in the horrid way. Mr. Owen argues that Davy has a right to live his own life: the others complain bitterly that he has no right at all to ruin theirs. Off goes Davy to his audition, all the same—but, though it is successful, he cannot ultimately find it in his heart to break up the act. He sacrifices his personal ambition out of loyalty to his family—and I wish I could feel they were worth it.

Miss Adele Leigh, charming singer but somewhat tentative actress, makes her screen debut in this picture and introduces a note of wistful romance—and Mr. Alexander Knox plays an eminent conductor with all the authority and acerbity of Sir Thomas Beecham. But it is Mr. Secombe's delightful performance that makes this little film one you must see and will undoubtedly enjoy.

MR. DENNIS PRICE is at his suavest in *The Naked Truth* as a smiling blackguard who, in his capacity as publisher of a scandal magazine, sees a chance of making a fortune out of blackmail. Among his proposed victims are Mr. Terry-Thomas, an incorrigibly amorous peer, Miss Peggy Mount, a woman novelist with a guilty secret, Miss Shirley Eaton, a pretty model engaged (off and on) to a Texan millionaire, and Mr. Peter Sellers, a popular television quizmaster whose doting fans would be shocked to learn he is the skinflint owner of slum property.

The individual efforts of these four to rid themselves of Mr. Price are as unsuccessful as they are hilarious. It takes a concerted action to accomplish their objective. The operation, devised by Mr. Terry-Thomas, involves some three hundred other persons—and the film, of which one doesn't believe a single word, scuttles to an end on the wilder shores of improbability.

In the course of the fantastic proceedings Mr. Sellers figures variously as the greasily bonhomous Scots quizmaster, a Chelsea pensioner, a bogus Oirishman, a Cockney policeman, and a moth-eaten inspector of barges, as lugubrious as a wilted aspidistra. There is no doubt about it—Mr. Sellers is the most accomplished comedian we have at the moment: relying on no mannerism or gimmick, he creates character through shrewd observation and sheer acting ability.

Miss Mount, resolutely plotting murder and venturing into Lincolnshire in quest of a "mickey finn," Mr. Miles Malleon as her doddering clerical admirer, and Mr. Terry-Thomas looking deathly as they are tremendous fun. Still I think, on points, it's the *Go Go* show.

ANOTHER piece of haywire comedy which I must not fail to draw your attention is *Blue Murder At St. Trinian's*—a further account of goings-on among the lethal lasses attending the school invented by Mr. Ronald Searle. Produced and directed by Messrs. Sidney Gilliat and Frank Launder, it is a vast improvement on their earlier picture, *The Belles Of St. Trinian's*. Starring an ingenious spiv, Mr. George Cole, the dreaded girl twin a UNESCO schools competition and set off, with a jewel thief (Mr. Lionel Jeffries) masquerading as their headmistress, on a tour of Europe which is to culminate in Rome. That international good relations are preserved can only be regarded as a miracle—and that the real headmistress (Mr. Alastair Sim), on release from one of Her Majesty's Prisons, manages to score off her little darlings goes without saying.

Mr. Richard Wattis is beautifully pained as a Ministry of Education official, Mr. Terry-Thomas is a shocking bounder as the chap in charge of transport, and Miss Joyce Grenfell is wonderfully gawky and coy as a crazy, mixed-up policewoman engaged for fourteen years to her superintendent. I laughed a great deal.

If you are looking for a thoroughly odious film, as I don't suppose you are, I can recommend *Baby Face Nelson*, in which Mr. Mickey Rooney, looking like a malevolent dumpling, plays the notorious, trigger-happy gangster who helped Dillinger increase Chicago's death rate in 1933.

Treacherous and ruthless though he is shown to be, the film comes horribly close to glorifying this revolting character. He is certainly made the idol of his "moll"—played with a permanently pop-eyed expression by Miss Carolyn Jones—and there is a tacit suggestion that he could not have inspired such devotion had he been all bad. That the Censor failed to give this ugly and unnecessary picture an "X" certificate defeats me.

—Elsbeth Grant



SOPHIA LOREN at her most expressive in *Legend Of The Lost*, in which she stars with John Wayne and Rossano Brazzi. Much of the film was taken in the Sahara desert, where a Hollywood in miniature was constructed almost overnight with the aid of an intensive air-lift

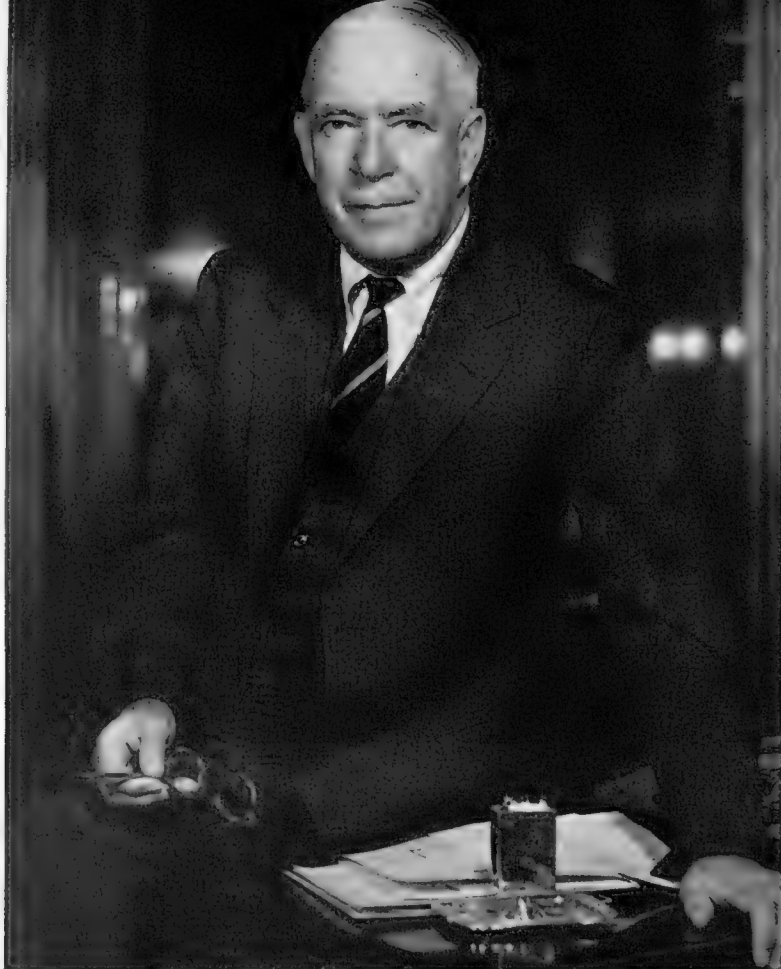


JULIETTE GRECO one-time darling of the Paris Left Bank, now one of the screen's most promising recruits, in a moving scene with Richard Todd from Twentieth Century-Fox's new film *The Naked Earth*



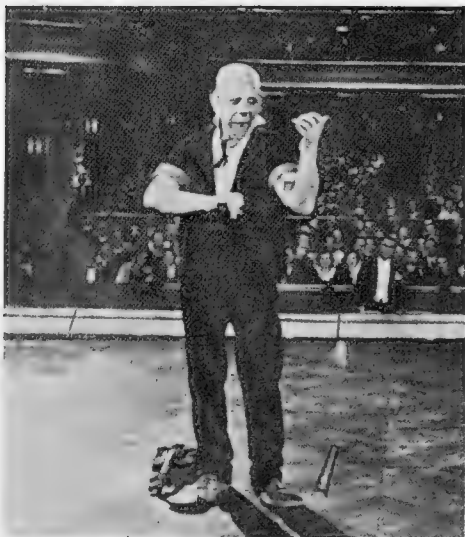
## Book Reviews

# THE MOST BEWITCHING OF MEDDLERS



Mark Gerson

JOHN P. MARQUAND (above), the famous American writer, made his name with the "Mr. Moto" stories, and has consolidated his reputation with a series of novels which include *The Late George Apley*. Collins, who are re-issuing all of this author's works, have started with this book, which appeared earlier this month at 16s.



GROCK, the famous clown, is seen in the above illustration from *The House That Stoll Built* (Muller, 25s.) by Felix Barker, the story of the London Coliseum. This music hall, built by Sir Oswald Stoll, has welcomed many famous names in its fifty years' life



JOHN NEVILLE, as Richard II, at the Old Vic. This picture is one of the many illustrations in the *Theatre World Annual* (London) No. 8 (Rockcliff, 25s.), compiled by Frances Stephens. The period it covers, in print and pictures, is June, 1956—May, 1957

PRISCILLA ZAMOYSKA's *Arch Intriguer* (Heinemann, 25s.) is a biography of Dorothea de Lieven. This remarkable woman—Princess de Lieven, as she became—is probably known to most of us by repute; but to me, for one, her life story was unknown. Few studies of Regency London, or of the *beau-monde* or political scene of that epoch, fail to refer to her; few are without quotations from her letters. The Russian Ambassadors made herself felt, on all sides, from the moment that she arrived in London, in 1812. She did not merely shine (though shine she did); she profoundly meddled. Nor were her activities confined to the English scene; she played a part in the big-power conference world that sprang into being with the fall of Napoleon. Prince Metternich was for some years her lover; her intimate letters to him, it appears, were in the nature of top secret dispatches.

Gaily, Dorothea tipped at the scales on which hung the balance of world power. Power, together with social life, had obsessed her ever since she was fourteen. At that age, as ward of the Empress, she was betrothed to staid Count de Lieven, eight years her senior; at fifteen, she married him. St. Petersburg, possibly, heaved a sigh of relief when the interesting young creature took off for London; and, from the moment she reached our shores, there was practically never a dull moment. Her attractiveness seems undoubtable; in the Thomas Lawrence portrait her face is pointed, mischievous, coloured, glowing. She had the Prince Regent in her pocket in no time, nor did she lose him when he was George IV.

In turn, the Duke of Wellington, Castlereagh, Canning, Palmerston passed through the sphere of her influence. Taileyrand felt it also. Her political acumen was phenomenal, her personal diplomacy hardly less so. Paris, where she opened a famous salon, provided her with an aftermath; she had a finger in more than one French revolution. The outwardly prim Guizot became her lover, and remained so up to the time of her death. Countess Zamoyska has done a wonderful piece of work in *Arch Intriguer*—I invite all readers to share the pleasure I had from this momentous, diverting, clearly authentic book.

★ ★ ★

LEONARD MOSLEY's disconcerting novel, *The Seductive Mirror* (Arthur Barker, 11s. 6d.), has for its subject a father's search for a son and horrible disillusionment when he finds one. Christopher Lane, a successful middle-aged man, is brought by his dog's death face to face with loneliness: he has loved many women, but lacks paternity. It occurs to him that Hilda, whom he'd deserted after an idyll, twenty years ago, may have given birth to a child of his. He finds this *is* so.

A distasteful plunge into Manchester working-class life is necessary for Christopher to re-contact Hilda whose unattractiveness is by now, alas, immense. But the pay-off, in the way of Nemesis, is the youth Jack. The irresponsible Christopher is spared little, nor does Mr. Mosley spare the innocent reader. *The Seductive Mirror* is, let's face it, a tragedy—yet told in such a light, terse, oddly beguiling way that one is slow to bite on its whole import.

★ ★ ★

THE new Stephen Ransome detective story is *So Deadly My Love* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.): scene, the Florida coast; subject, the kidnapping of a young married woman. Lynn Armstead Griffith, the victim-heroine, has lately been separated from her husband, and has drifted back to her possessive father. After her gagged-and-bound return to home, she finds Griff (her husband, whom she still loves) to be the principal suspect in the affair. Also, the gravity of the charge increases; for, though



CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH was a photographic interpreter in the war, and her book, *Evidence In Camera* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), will be issued soon

Vane

on herself survived her dreadful adventure, there *have* been slayings along its course.

and it's to more than one man's interest to make Lynn see it in the darkest light.

*Deadly My Love* is tense on the love-interest side, as well as of full value as a whodunnit.

★ ★ ★

THE latest Angela Thirkell novel is **Double Affair** (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.). So enjoyable is it to read that one can see particularly she must have enjoyed writing it. All our Westshire friends are galvanized into fresh activity: we begin with one wedding, terminate with another. Dear sage Miss Merriman joins the ranks of the matrons—young Edith Graham, however, is left still unaccounted for; or partially. A charming titled young cleric, Lord William Harcourt, makes his bow. And none too soon, for two visiting Miss Crawleys mop up, in a flash, the two outstanding bachelors.

★ ★ ★

YUKIO MISHIMA's **Five Modern Nō Plays** (Secker & Warburg, 15s.) should appeal to students of drama, whether they know the ancient traditional Japanese form or not. Donald Keene, the translator into English, has provided a useful introduction: the history, conventions and recurrent themes of Nō are explained to us. This serves to set off the boldness of Mr. Mishima's present-day variations.

For Japan's now most distinguished young author has transposed old themes into up-to-date situations, metamorphosing semi-symbolic figures into sharp-edged twentieth-century men and women. The best examples (to me) are "The Lady Aloï," which takes place in a psychiatric hospital, "Sotoba Komachi"—a scene, a garish public park—and "The Damask Drum," which, for all its neon-lit setting, deals timelessly with the mocking of humble love. (If you wish to acquaint yourselves with the ancient Nō plays, seek them in the Arthur Waley translation.) *Five Modern Nō Plays* are illustrated by photographs taken during performances.

—Elizabeth Bowen



THE PARADISE FLYCATCHER of Kashmir. From *A Company Of Birds* (Michael Joseph, 42s.), by Loke Wan Tho

THE GREEK TEMPLE in Marmara. A picture in *Vanished Cities*, by H. and G. Schreiber (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 25s.)





FROSTED white for evening in two moods—the short dress so suitable for the forthcoming season's country dances, for the girl who is a participant rather than an onlooker; and the formal *robe de style* designed to be worn with magnificent jewels on important formal occasions. For both dresses nylon, practical, hardwearing, nevertheless glamorous, is used

## THE VERSATILITY OF NYLON



A CALF-LENGTH evening dress of white nylon net (left) embroidered on the bodice and skirt with blue applique lace and mounted on many petticoats. An Elizabeth Henry model at Marshall and Snelgrove, London, and John Moses, Newcastle, costing about 35 gns. Jewellery by Adrian Mann. Opposite page, Selincourt's ball dress of nylon lace, the motifs embroidered with mother-of-pearl sequins and pearls, is also mounted on several underskirts. At Debenhams and Freebody's Model Gown Department, costing 128 gns. Jewellery by Adrian Mann.







*Michel Molinare*

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S perennial love, the button-through dress, here in beige double-knit jersey with tan buttons and a toning leather belt. A Brenner dress, about 12 gns. at Gertrude Carol, Kensington; and Shannons, Greenock. Hat by Rudolf

CORNCOB coloured double-knit jersey is used for Windsmoor's dress with today's look (left) which will be available at the end of January at Werff Bros. Ltd., New Bond Street; and Watt Bros., Glasgow, costing £8 19s. 6d. Gilt jewellery by Paris House



FOR SPRING DAYS, Rima's oatmeal wool dress which looks as if it were worn with a coat, but is in fact one garment. At Rocha, Grafton Street; and MacDonalds, Glasgow, about 27½ gns. Gilt jewellery with antique finish by Paris House. Hat by Dolores



IN BLACK AND WHITE flecked tweed, Polly Peck's dress has a chemise sleeveless top, and is worn with a bolero jacket. At Harrods, London; and Werff Bros., Birmingham, about 16½ gns. Rudolf's black velvet beret. Satin trimmed gloves by Kayser Bondor

FOR THE COATLESS DAYS AHEAD



# NAVY AND GREY REMAIN FIRM FAVOURITES

FINE NAVY WOOL is used (below) for Elizabeth Henry's dress and bolero jacket. The dress has a full box-pleated skirt and a spotted chiffon tie. About 25 gns. at Peggy Carter, Berkeley Street; and Morrison, Glasgow. White pique hat by Dolores

THE POPULAR jumper suit line is carried through to worsted flannel, here translated in two tones of grey by Marcusa (opposite). A two-piece with three-quarter length sleeves, costing about 12½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, Regent St.; MacDonalds, Glasgow

THE SEASON'S fashionable line—a long jacket with bloused back is seen in Henri Gowns' navy jumper suit (below) which is piped with white. About 20 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Bradford. Clotted cream velvet hat by Rudolf







# TROMPE



**T**ROMPE l'oeil has in the age of synthetics and cleverly woven fabrics become the order of the day. Bickler's bottle green jacket (left) and cotton suedette has assured the appearance of leather suedette, but at 7 gns. costs considerably less. Worn with Madge Chard's chamois beret, Jacquar's scarf (detail above). Their top coat (right) in Dynel fur fabric is warm and weatherproof, and no hungry moth will look at it. Costing about 25 gns., both it and the jacket can be bought at Harrods; The French Shop, Wolverhampton; and J. K. Swallow & Sons Ltd., Chesterfield. Hat by Madge Chard. Kayser Bondor's gloves.

CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

# L'OEIL COMES INTO FASHION





# Radiating a warm glow



Above : The Sofono Sunray Homeheater has a built-in fireguard and costs from £23 4s. 9d. Right : The Sofono Super-view Fire gives radiant heat and warmed air, from £14 18s. 6d. Both from Federated Foundries Co., Ltd.



*HEATING in castle or cottage is of vital importance to comfortable living, especially in this country with its spells of penetrating cold. On these pages are some examples of the latest heating appliances for solid fuel, gas, electricity and oil. Designed for convenience and efficiency, these conform with all present-day requirements*

—JEAN CLELAND



The Sugg Gas Halcyon Selective Heater directs heat to different rooms by means of various levers. The heater itself (above) is compact and easily installed. Right : warm air circulates from the louvre inset in the wall. The price is £80 plus fitting; William Sugg & Co., Ltd.





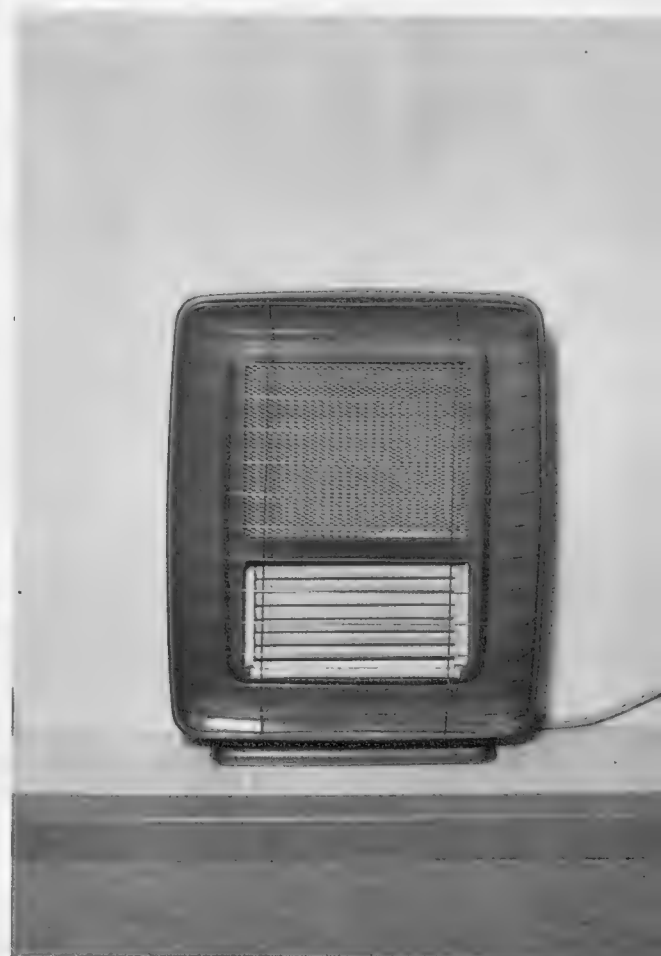
The "Dimplex" permanently oil-filled thermostatically controlled electric radiator, Model C.142, blends attractively with the decor of this modern hall. It may be obtained in eight colours and can be variously mounted



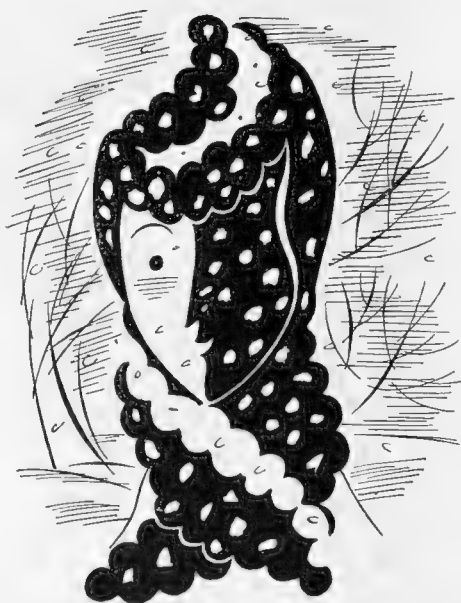
The Hotpoint Convector Heater is elegant, compact, and easily portable, and will maintain an even temperature. An effect similar to central heating is given after the air has been circulating for a while. It costs £11 11s.



Above: The "Kingsbury" convector radiant hearth fire, with automatic lighting and control tap, gives rapid room heating with perfect ventilation—two essential qualities in such an appliance—with economy added. Price £29 17s. 6d., made by Bratt Colbran, Ltd. Right: Designed for the fireplace opening, the "Romany" transportable gas fire can be used wherever there is a gas point near the hearth, £15 14s. 5d., made by R. & A. Main, Ltd.







*Beauty*

## Disperse the fog from your face

*Jean Cleland*



**I**F you think that the title of this article sounds far-fetched, reflect for a minute on what fog and damp do to your silver. One murky day—usually when it has just been cleaned—and it immediately becomes dull and tarnished. No wonder, then, that the skin exposed to dirty weather takes on a greyish, foggy hue.

There are various ways of counteracting this, and keeping the radiant look is, on a dull day particularly, so very attractive. The first is by way of extra special cleansing. However much addicted you may be to washing your face with soap and water, I don't think this is enough to remove completely the dreary effects of wintry weather. What you need is a deep cleansing cream, which can be used alone, or as well as a soap and water wash.

The cream must be soft and it must also liquefy directly it touches the skin, so that it sinks right into the pores, and draws out all impurities. One application is not enough. After the surface dirt has been taken away, the cream should be applied again to ensure absolute cleanliness. If you doubt the necessity for this, just look at the face cloth or tissue when you wipe your face for the second time, and you will usually find that it still comes away soiled.

**A**s well as a cleansing cream, it is advisable to have a soft emulsifying one (a semi-liquid) as well, for use during the day. If you have been out for any length of time, and your skin begins to lose the fresh look it had when you left home, don't just touch it up with another dab of powder. Take a piece of cotton wool, pour on a very little of the liquid cleanser (which can be carried in a small bottle in your handbag), wipe this over your face, and start off all fresh again. In this way you can arrive at your luncheon appointment impervious to the hazards of the weather.

Another reason for these extra cleansings is that they prevent fog and impurities from ever getting right into the skin, which is what really causes discoloration.

The second way of counteracting the effects of a wintry day is to follow the cleansing with some brisk patting with tonic lotion (for a dry and sensitive skin) or astringent (for an oily one) to keep the pores well closed against fog and dirt.

The next important item for defeating the January Look is to give the skin plenty of nourishment. Massage it in the morning and again at night with a really rich skin food, or if necessary with a vitamin cream.

Before going to bed, it is advisable to leave a little on the face to seep in during the night. The idea of this is to keep the skin absolutely smooth. If it gets rough, it is more apt to catch the little specks of dirt which cling to the skin, and give it the foggy hue, which apart from being unbecoming is both dreary and ageing. When any little rough patches occur, they should be treated immediately with a special healing cream. Elizabeth Arden makes an excellent one called "8-hour Cream" which is splendid for the purpose. Once in a while a massage with olive oil is beautifully softening to the skin.

**T**HIRDLY, we come to masks, which, given about once a week, are wonderfully helpful for refining the texture of the skin, preventing it from getting harsh, and for closing the pores. You can get masks that have a lightening effect, and these are very effective for completely taking away any discoloration there may happen to be.

If in spite of all the care you have given it the skin still inclines to look dingy, the best way you can clear it is to use a good bleaching cream. Always remember, though, that creams of this kind are apt to be drying, and should only be used on alternate nights, with a nourishing skin food in between to keep the balance.

When the basic care has been carried out, much can be done with make-up to give radiance to the skin, and dispel the effects of a dreary day. My advice is to use a tinted foundation, which supplies an underlying glow. Over this use the two-powder technique. First a slightly darker rose-tinted powder, with a lighter one on top. This gives the effect of transparency allied to warmth, which in the winter especially is very becoming, giving as it does a radiant appearance.

These little tips for winter days are very simple, but added together they do help to make a skin that blooms in spite of the weather.



**Mason—Worthington-Evans.** The Hon. Keith Mason, surviving son of Lord and Lady Blackford, of Yeovil, married Miss Sarah Worthington-Evans, elder daughter of Judge Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, of Eaton Square, and of Mrs. Joan Parry, of Chelsea, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



**Renton—Bishop.** The marriage took place between Mr. Hamish Scott Renton, son of Mrs. Elspeth Renton, of Rose Tree Cottage, Great Horstead, Hertfordshire, and Miss Wendy Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grahame Bishop, of Birchwood, Liphook, Hampshire, at the Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street



**Neville—Hamilton.** Mr. Roger A. G. Neville, second son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. G. Neville, of Woodbrow, Woodham Lane, Woking, married Miss Brenda M. P. Hamilton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. P. Hamilton, of Gander Hill, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, at All Saints' Church, Lindfield



## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Lliso—Taylor.** Senor Luis Dasi Lliso, the elder son of Senores Dasi Lliso, of Valencia, Spain, married Miss Pamela A. Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard A. Taylor, of Garden Walk, Hooley, Coulsdon, Surrey, at Brompton Oratory, S.W.7



**Longley—Hayter.** Mr. Adrian Reginald Longley, only son of the late Mr. Evelyn Longley, and of Mrs. Longley, of Reigate, Surrey, married Miss Sylvia M. Hayter, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. G. K. H. Hayter, of Malvern, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

**Hawkins—Pizey.** Lieut. James B. A. Hawkins, R.N., son of Capt. A. Hawkins, R.N., and Mrs. Hawkins, of Malta, married Miss Pamela Pizey, daughter of Admiral Sir Mark and Lady Pizey, of Plymouth, at Saint Nicholas', Devonport

**Holland—Eustace Smith.** Major Peter J. Holland, son of Mrs. J. R. Holland, of Wimborne, married Miss Patricia Eustace Smith, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. T. Eustace Smith, of Richmond, Yorks, at St. Paulina's, Catterick





## Motoring

# CHEAPJACK NOTICES

Oliver Stewart



THOSE roadside notices which have been appearing in some parts of England: "UNDERTAKERS LOVE OVERTAKERS" call for comment. I am not here concerned with whether the idea is thought to be amusing or not; only with whether the notices do anything to add to road safety. My view has always been clear on this subject and I am glad to say that some of my readers have endorsed it. It is this: notices set beside the road for the attention of vehicle drivers should be strictly confined to giving specific information and specific warning.

All other notices should be withdrawn. That view is the outcome of the simplest reasoning. Drivers have powers of vigilance which are limited and the fewer the demands made upon them the better. Similarly their powers of observation and of attention are limited and must be allowed to concentrate upon the road itself and the traffic thereon. A notice which gives specific information—a direction sign for instance—is admissible and so is a notice giving specific warning—of a steep hill for instance. But can this quip notice be held to do either?

It is true that it may help to impress people generally with the risks of overtaking and may, in that blanket manner, do some good. But it is also true that it distracts the attention.

I BELIEVE such a notice—obviously put up with the best intentions in the world—is undesirable and may be having effects the opposite of those intended. I would say exactly the same of the roadside notice, seen in other parts of the country, "HAVE YOU READ THE HIGHWAY CODE?" It gives no specific information and no specific warning. It is a drain upon the attention of drivers and takes their eyes from the road. The highway authorities would help drivers and save money if they screened all notices before they set them up and judged them according to the principles here outlined.

It is now clear that the re-styling of the Triumph TR3 (announced appropriately enough on New Year's Day) has been undertaken with discretion. This has always been a good-

looking car. It was difficult to alter its appearance in any way without risking spoiling it. But I cannot object to the changes that have been made, although I am not sure of the silver finish for the road wheels.

Polished aluminium is used for the new frontal grille and it is given extra width to take in the sidelights. The headlamps are recessed into the wing fairing and the front bumper overriders have been somewhat changed. As I have not yet tried the car I cannot pronounce on the new seating beyond reporting that the Standard Motor Company (the Triumph people) describe it enthusiastically as "form-hugging."

Chrome finished lockable handles have been fitted to the doors and to the luggage trunk cover. The TR3 symbol has been retained on the front of the car, but there is now also the name "Triumph" in plain block letters. The basic price of the re-styled TR3 is £699. The tax is £350 17s., making the total £1,049 17s.

DRIVING home late one night when there had been ice patches on the road, I saw an estate car on the grass verge turned on to its side. I stopped to offer assistance but found the driver unhurt. The car was lying on soft ground, so that the after part of the body had sunk somewhat. We tried to heave the car upright but, although we got it rocking, we failed just to exert the final effort that would have righted it. The driver, saying that he could fend for himself, urged me to go on my way.

Later I heard that, with the assistance of two people, he had in the end contrived to right the car. But it had been by rolling it completely over on to the roof—or in other words by making it do what the aerobatic pilot would call an "inverted reverse." It was a bold measure and an example of how useful a fresh approach is when the problems of getting a damaged car going again are being faced. Nevertheless I do not recommend those who turn their cars on to their sides to right them by rolling them over!



## The R.A.C. suggests . . .

That owners of cars fitted with tubeless tyres tend to be neglectful of checking tyre pressures because they know that the tyres have leak-proof inner linings. It is a mistake to neglect a regular check. The air CAN escape—not through the lining but around the beading where its ridges cling to the rim.

Dirt, grit or any other foreign matter between beading and rim prevents the sealing being absolutely airtight and in consequence there may be some slight leakage.

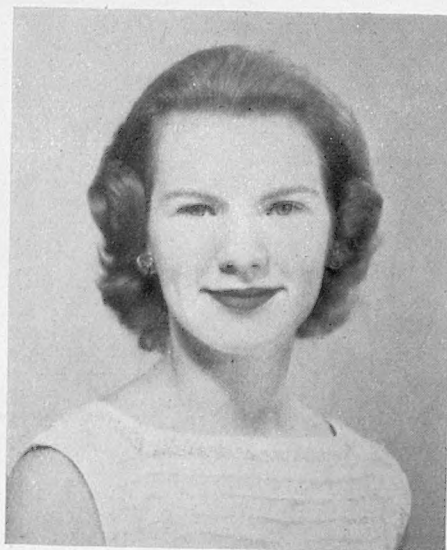
So, if your car has tubeless tyres, have the pressures checked next time you call at the garage.

Any time you change the tyres, be sure to clean both the ridges of the beading and the rim of the wheel before putting the tyre on the wheel. Thus you will eliminate the major cause of air leakage.

EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, president of the R.A.C., with its chairman Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, looking at the trophy to be offered annually for the year's most outstanding contribution to motoring. The Club has instituted this trophy to mark its Diamond Jubilee, celebrated last year



Miss Sheelagh Thompson, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Thompson, of Deerleap, Grayswood, near Haslemere, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Robin James, who is the younger son of Mr. R. T. James, O.B.E., and Mrs. James, of Banacle Field, Brook, near Godalming



Miss Jean Marguerite Batley, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Batley, of Villa del Mar, Nassau, Bahamas, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Charles W. E. Jane, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jane, of Bedford



Miss Mollie Scott Donovan, only daughter of Mr. H. Donovan, F.R.C.S., and the late Mrs. Donovan, of Greenacres, Copt Heath, Knowle, Warwickshire, is to marry Mr. J. Douglas Walton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walton, of Argyll House, Westcliff-on-Sea

## THEY ARE ENGAGED



Left: Miss Joanna Elizabeth Peel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Peel, of Enton Orchard, Godalming, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. Michael John St. Goar Kelton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald St. Goar Kelton, of Haslemere, Surrey

Right: Miss Jill Rosemary Quertier, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Quertier, of Princes Square, Hove, Sussex, is engaged to Mr. John Francis Brooks Huxtable, only son of the late Mr. E. J. Huxtable, and of Mrs. L. B. Huxtable, of Morgarten, Amersham, Buckinghamshire



Miss Jane McCormack, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude McCormack, of Riversleigh, Clifton Down, Bristol, is engaged to Mr. Peter Manley James, son of Brigadier and Mrs. M. A. James, of Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol



Miss Patricia Ann Bushe, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. C. S. Bushe, of Trinidad and Chelsea, is to marry Mr. Christopher John Ringrose-Voase, only son of the late Mr. J. R. Ringrose-Voase, and Mrs. Ringrose-Voase, of London, S.W.3





## DINING OUT

## Old English repast

ONE of the most unusual meals I had in 1957 was when I went to what might well be described as a "Gathering Extraordinary" just before Christmas at the Dog and Fox in Wimbledon.

The landlord, George Short, had the very bright idea of giving some of his regulars, who are fond of good food, a really original meal, and for this we had to book in advance.

The menu was presented to us on arrival and this is what it said: "This is your menu. Have as many courses as you can. The cost is 25s. Your drinks will be charged at the prices shown. You cannot ask anyone to drink at your expense. Your drinks will be entered on your bill as you order them. If you wish to leave a gratuity for the staff, please enter it in the space provided. There is plenty of room for you to sit in different places during the meal, so that you can exercise your charm on different people, and not inflict it on the same poor devil throughout the meal. Tuck in and get your money's worth."

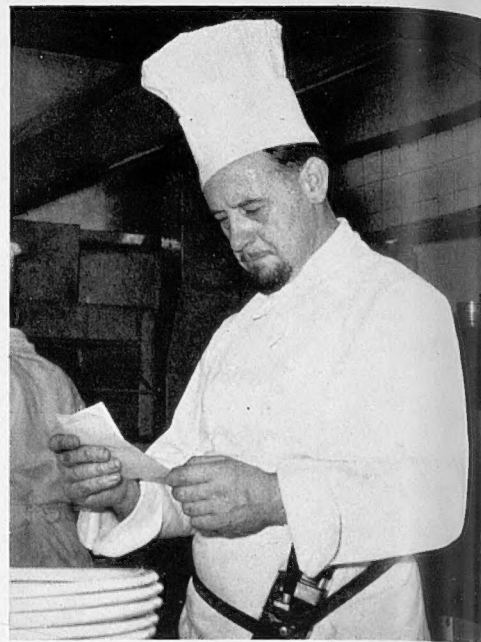
There was plenty of space at a long table down the centre of the room and there was the sideboard with an astonishing array of food, both hot and cold, in the best traditions of the British Isles.

I CERTAINLY got my money's worth and went in for a sort of gastronomic *tour de force*, helping myself to small portions of the following: mussels in a cream sauce, eel pie, a pig's trotter with a pint of beer, some haggis with whisky, a slice of belly pork with pease pudding, some game pie with bubble and squeak, and half a bottle of Burgundy, finishing up with some fine Stilton cheese and a glass of port.

The whole affair was a great success and could easily be copied by any hostelry with initiative, and even in one's own home on a reduced scale. It will certainly be repeated at "The Dog."

Another night that will live in my memory was the Savage Club centenary dinner which took place at the Savoy.

MAITRE CHEF ECUYER in his kitchen at Overton's in St. James's Street, giving his fullest attention to an order just received from the restaurant. The picture was taken by Geoffrey Russell-Hay, director of this famous oyster restaurant, who is also a very keen amateur photographer



As it was a great occasion I decided to throw caution to the winds and booked a room for the night. And what a room! Its high windows looked out over London's river, the Thames, and immediately opposite was the beautifully illuminated Festival Hall, with tugboats hustling by and the motley of river craft going about their business; a magnificent bathroom, a large Scotch at the press of a button, and next morning, sitting in my window, kidneys and bacon for breakfast, and all the more fun because such luxury is seldom possible.

The dinner itself was a fine affair. Who decided upon the menu I do not know, but I am sure that *maître chef* Laplanche had several fingers in the pie. Here it is: *Le Fumet de Tomate de Viver en Tasse, La Croustille au Chester; La Bouchée de Homard Belle Aurore, Le Tournedos de Boeuf Sauté au Madère et Champignons, les Pommes Lorette, les Haricots Verts au Beurre; and Le Charme de Venus en Surprise, Les Mignardises*. As for the wine, you ordered what you wanted from the wine list.

—I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

## Book for initiates

BECAUSE a large tome of a cookery book is a never-ending source of inspiration, I would give a bride one for a wedding present. There is a number of such books, each appropriate for the kind of home for which it was designed. If the latest, *The Gourmet Cookbook, Volume II* (Hamish Hamilton, £3 15s.), had come into my hands before Christmas, I should have referred to it then and recommended it as a gift.

Here is a veritable treasury of recipes—not, perhaps, for the unknowledgeable cook, because, like its predecessor, its intention is not so much to instruct as to inspire.

There is a very useful section on wines and their service and a "Wine Sampler" which, for chart-lovers, will be bliss. A "Footnote to the Wine Sampler" will help those who cannot read a timetable. "Memo to the Cook" instructs in sauces and garnishes. It includes Miropoix, Beurre Manié, fried parsley, turned mushrooms, Glace de Viand and spun sugar. And, to my satisfaction, there are the British equivalents of American weights and measurements.

THIS is important when one uses an American cookery book such as this, which is sponsored by the *Gourmet Magazine* of the United States. An American "cup," for example, holds 8 liquid ounces or  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint, whereas our "cup" is  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint or 10 liquid ounces. When it comes to, say, stews and the like, those 2 oz. do not matter very much, but they make a considerable difference when you wander into the cake and confectionery departments!

More often than not, this volume soars into the realm of the exotic, and in it you will find recipes not met with in any of the "classic" cookery books such as Escoffier's *Guide To Modern Cookery* and Pellaprat's *Modern Culinary Art*. The "classic" books do not go in for such dishes as Pesang Isda (Philippine fish stew), Chinese almond chicken, Hawaiian pineapple pudding and Japanese broiled lobster.

Take that Philippine fish stew. Here is the recipe:

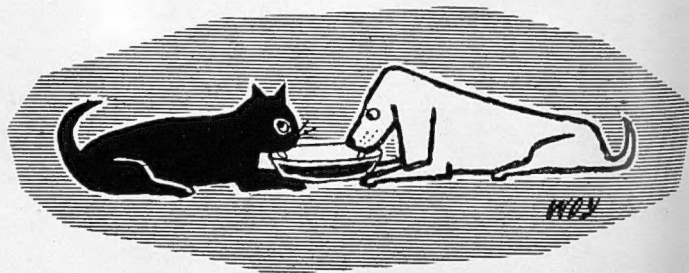
Clean and fillet a white-fleshed fish, weighing about 3 lb., and cut it into serving pieces. Put the fish in the soup kettle with 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons grated fresh ginger root, 1 teaspoon salt and 12 peppercorns. Add 3 cups water, bring the water to the boil, and simmer the fish for about 6 minutes or until the flesh flakes easily.

In a skillet (frying-pan) sauté 1 onion and 1 clove of garlic, both chopped, in 2 tablespoons butter until the onion is golden. Add 3 tomatoes, chopped, and 2 cups water and simmer until the vegetables are tender. Strain the tomato sauce into the soup, reheat to the boiling point, and serve very hot, garnished with chopped scallions, a type of onion, or shallot.

Bamboo shoots and water chestnuts, called for in the following recipe for Chinese almond chicken, can be obtained (in cans) from any of the stores. Monosodium glutamate is sold in this country under various names—"Accent," "Stress" and (from Fortnum's) "Aji No Moto." Incidentally, referring to the fresh root ginger in the fish recipe, I saw this on sale in Brewer Street, London, last week, at 6s. a pound.

In a skillet, sauté 1 cup finely sliced raw breast of chicken in 2 tablespoons peanut or olive oil until golden. Add 1 cup each diced bamboo shoots and celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each diced Chinese chard and water chestnuts,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup blanched almonds, 1 or 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot chicken broth. Mix the ingredients, cover and steam for 5 minutes. Remove the lid and thicken the sauce slightly with 2 tablespoons cornstarch (cornflour) mixed with 3 tablespoons cold water. Simmer for a few minutes to cook the starch, stirring well. Serve very hot. Serves 2.

—Helen Burke





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